

pittable condition, as she had been bitten by a dog. They, too, were put into the cart.

"Monday evening, on passing the same well, I found another poor woman, whose cry too was for water. I asked a woman who was drawing water at the time, to give her a drink, but she refused. Taking the tin with which I scoop out the boiled peas to the people and helping her to sit up, for she was too weak to get up by herself, I forced the woman to give me some water for her. In a very short time she was put into a cart and brought to the shelter of the Home, where the kind, motherly matron began caring for her at once, but she was too far gone to revive. The following morning she passed the way of all living.

"When they come to us they are so wretched, so hungry, so dirty and deceitful that we say: 'How shall I put thee among the children?' Therefore we have opened up a receiving home, where they are bathed, have their heads shaved, clean clothes given them and cleanly habits taught them. When they are ready they will be drafted into the Orphanage.

"An old man came one day with his only child and gave her to us, desiring at the same time that we feed him too. He was very ill so we sent him a few days later in a cart to the Charitable Hospital. He was not taken in, and, as the instructions were to take him then on to the Relief Camp, as there is a hospital there also, we saw him no more. The driver said that when he found that he was being taken to the Poor House he jumped out of the cart. We fear that the truth of the matter is that when the driver learned that the distance was so great he dumped him out on the roadside for the man was too weak to leave the cart by himself. A man was sent to search for him but in vain.

"The daughter too was thought to be at the point of death when she was brought to the sunny side of our house and put on the verendah where she might breathe her last away from the noisy babble of the 60 inmates of the Orphanage. From that time she seemed to get a new lease of life, although for days her life hung in the balance. Miss Campbell kept her in her own study for weeks and now she is back with the others, well, although far from strong.

"In all our care for the sick ones we have been greatly hampered by not having a hospital where they can be properly nursed. We have had as many as 30 "in patients" at a time, to treat, without the conveniences of a hospital.

"Another item of good news has come from the home land since I started this letter. Our W. F. M. S. has voted \$500 for use in the present distress amongst the women and children. Like the five loaves that sum is good as far as it will go, but "what are they (the dollars) among so many"?

How fitting to the above are the words of a Calcutta newspaper, *The Englishman*, which says of a famine incident:

"The only comment we would make is that it is a mere sample of unnumbered similar cases of the most abject distress. It should be read and re-read by everyone who has a rupee to spare, and who has the heart to feel, and the head to understand, that the smallest coin which he flings, perhaps thoughtlessly, to the relief fund, may save at least one human life. We trust that the narrative of this missionary, dreadful in its simplicity, will be widely noted, and that it will give a stimulus to the public meeting to be held in Calcutta this week in order to inaugurate a new relief fund. Great, almost overwhelming as are the necessities of the time, its opportunities are greater still."

The same paper says:

"Every day it becomes clearer that the black record of the year 1897 will be eclipsed by the present one. Famine, plague and war were the spectres which brooded over that memorable period—a period to which one and all bade farewell with a feeling of doleful satisfaction that the calamities it had brought were too gigantic, too phenomenal to coincide again. But they have all come back, and with greater intensity than ever. India gazes horror-stricken at the progress in South Africa of one of the most desperate struggles in which the Empire has ever been engaged, while nearer home the famine returns show a total of 4,000,000 upon relief works, and (largely owing to the plague ravages) the death rate in Bombay has reached the staggering total of 400 per day.

"It is, as the Viceroy recently observed, an unparalleled situation, and if His Excellency could say this with regard to the famine alone, how much more true does it become when we consider the concurrent progress of famine and plague?"

Rev. Dr. Buchanan, M.D., our missionary among the Bhils, writes of the sore need on account of the prevailing famine, mentioning incidentally an instance, not as among the worst, but as showing how a little timely aid wins entrance for the Gospel.

"A man, his wife, and their children came along a couple of weeks ago in great destitution. I gave them a couple of pounds of corn on trust and provided them work. The trust, at a time when there is almost no trust in the country seemed to take hold of him and he listened to the Gospel very attentively for some time.

He has been working ever since and getting the small wage of four cents a day and his wife three cents. With this they have to try and support their family. I am having him taught a wail every day and now he seems inclined to believe in his and our God.